

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL AND
PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, AND A MISCELLANY
OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

THE OLD YEAR.

Volume 1864 of the Christian era is about to be laid on the library-shelf of history. A new volume will soon commence. The great author, Time, will write with graphic correctness until that volume is complete and another commenced in the order of the past. Human life has often been compared to a stage, on which we all enact distinct parts, as the *dramatis persone* of a piece. The curtain rises, and the play begins—one scene after another brings us to the last act, and on our work being finished we retire from the stage. The commencement of the play is like the opening page of a book; the last part of the last scene is like the closing page of a volume. The beginning of a year and its close, are not, therefore, inaptly likened to a stage or to a book. A year seems a long time to us, when we stand on its birth-morn gazing into the future; but when we review it at its death, it seems so short that we take its measure at a glance. The New Year is like a sun, rising full and glorious in the firmament. The Old Year is like a star receding in the distance—the one seems large, by being near; the other small, by being far off. "Time and tide wait for no man," says the proverb. This is a trite truism we can all realize. None are so blind that they cannot perceive the ever-present fact that time flies, and the great sea-tides ebb and flow, and never rest. The changes of nature, and the transformations of science are indexed on the dial-plate of history: we learn from them daily new facts, and thus prove our own progressive character. Being learners, we need lessons, and old Time gives us them in abundance. Days glide past until years are added to our lives, and we grow old—but do we grow wise? if so, we are the better for life. If not, infancy is the best condition for us. Youth, manhood, and old age, without wisdom *must* exist fettered by strengthening vices. The Old Year is on the eve of death; the bell of eternity is already ringing in his ears. As he passes away let us listen to his death-gasp, and profit by his last words. They will not all of them carry the burden of regret. Some will speak satisfaction, and express hope. The Old Year cannot depart without teaching lessons which will benefit some of the children of earth, and possibly, make many foolish ones wise. He goes to the grave of his

fathers, but he leaves a legacy for his child, which cannot be annulled, or misappropriated. His life has been full of incident and situation—a drama and melodrama in one. He entered the life-scene, heavily burdened with his father's blessings and sins—he leaves the stage to burden his child with his own. As we listen to his last tottering footsteps, falling feebler and feebler on the floor of life, let us review his past; and whilst soothing his deathbed for the blessings he has accumulated, be careful we avoid smiling at his sins, lest we grow too familiar with them, and become the worse in consequence.

The opening pages of a book generally decide us in its perusal. Not so with the opening leaves of a year; if we live, we must take a glimpse of each page until the volume concludes. But, as with readers of books, there are men of various capacities to remember and improve upon the remembrances of that which they read, so in human life, there is the utmost diversity of appreciation of the pages of Time. To some, the clearest proofs of divine love seem buried in Egyptian darkness. The best thoughts of the best authors are undecipherable, like the hieroglyphics on some ancient Grecian monument. The life of man here, is of short duration at the best; therefore, it is obviously necessary that he improve his time by adding to his experiences, wisdom. The Old Year leaves us full of hope for the future. In spite of the sickening scenes of crime and poverty, which meet us at every corner of this beautiful earth, we feel justified in nursing the hope that a brighter era will dawn ere long, when the perfect blessings, flowing out of spiritual communion, will give harmony and freedom to the souls of mankind. Every hour is a winged page of truth, every day a messenger of wisdom, every year a compendium of facts. Facts are pregnant with divine interest. It is man's mission to seek wisdom, which is more than knowledge; since it teaches the way wherein our feet should walk. Knowledge adds to our store of facts; wisdom selects from the store those that are of use to stimulate faith and good works, and those of use to illustrate the madness of mortal wickedness and folly. To be wise, then, is the highest aim man can possess. For true wisdom is not possible without goodness. The wise man heeds the voices of experience and the teachings of truth. All truth is sacred, being sanctified by God. Wisdom, therefore, being the guiding counsellor of the soul, must be something more than knowledge, and something holier than mere facts. If man aspires to goodness, he becomes at once a servitor of wisdom, since he is taught and directed of wisdom. To gain experiences and wisely use them, should be our first consideration; because experiences give us knowledge which wisdom, like a bee, sucks the honey from. To gain knowledge, we require time and need to use our mental and physical powers. To gain wisdom, we need patience, humility, and all the graces.

The Old Year is dying; all his past is as an open book

before us; as we prepare to sing his requiem, let us be sure and act wisely by storing facts from his history for future use. Folly triumphs only when wisdom sleeps. If we have a desire to live as becomes beings endowed with immortal spirits, we shall not allow the season of the Old Year's departure to bear no fruit for us. Whilst, however, we dutifully seek to learn lessons from the old, departing year, we need not shed tears at his fate. He has borne the burden which was legacied to him, and performed his own mission bravely—let him rest. His child will soon be born and sit upon his throne in the full glory of the morning. Not a single moment has been cut off the Old Year's lease of life; he will live until he has seen the last minute of his lease expiring; then, wrapping the cold mantle of Winter about him, he will allow the winds to blow, and the snow to cover him; whilst his son-and-heir rises upon his grave to re-enact the old parts of the life-drama. As we reckon up the battles the Old Year has fought—remembering the prejudices and follies handed down to him—we cannot but speak highly of him. He could not possibly, in his brief life-time of twelvemonths, eradicate the ills which have taken so many centuries to grow. He did his work, which, though it may not seem great to us, will be registered "Well done," in the cycles of eternity. He came amongst us with hereditary sins, and yet he has given us many proofs of divine illumination. In our own country he has shown us more of spiritual truth than we have before known. The year 1864 will be a marked date in the list of dates which shall be chronicled to the righteous progress of mankind.

Why need we regret the Old Year's close? He has nothing to regret himself, being true to his own instincts. His term of life will not be cut short, and we doubt if any other single year has performed its duty better. We need rather to regret our own negligences and positive sinfulness—our carelessness and thorough selfishness. Time is our opportunity. The years are our friends; they come to us as the heralds of the Eternal. It is our mission to fill them with heroisms, to adorn them with moral and spiritual jewels, and to meet them face to face with smiles.

Looking over the past career of the year 1864, can we see no glass in which our own misdeeds are reflected? If not we are indeed fortunate beings. "While there is life, there is hope." As we think of the dying year without regretting his fate, let us be mindful that we have life and hope; but be wary lest we forget what life is given to us for. Few of us exist who have not enacted during the Old Year some foolish or sinful part. Time is our opportunity; may we know it and improve it to our soul's profit. When the grey-headed year is buried, and the young child 1865 appears amongst us, let not our joy drive us into folly; but let us be moderate, and strong on the side of Godliness. It would be a profitable reflection, did we make not only a feast among friends, but a record of our past conduct every New Year's morn. We should then easily recollect the follies we are ashamed of having perpetrated, and be more on our guard during succeeding years. It is no use living, without loving the Pure, True, and Free. If we live and love not these, our life is a moral death. The great giver of life has not left us barren of examples of goodness or stimuli to holy love. Around us everywhere, evidences of Almighty love appeal to us and excite us to wonder and adoration. We only fail to admire and adore when our perceptions are blunted by false teachings, and we close our eyes to the surrounding majesty of eternal love. Time is with us as the forerunner of eternity; the years, therefore, are our servants, but only so in a secondary sense.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the wintry winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily;
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim:
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, you must not die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er,
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

On Friday evening, Dec. 23rd, Mr R. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, met the friends of Spiritualism at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

The meeting was a good one. Mr B. Coleman was called to the chair, and said he felt that Mr Cooper's active energy and generous devotion to the cause of Spiritualism was deserving of the best thanks and support of all who are interested—that as Mr Cooper had taken upon himself the trouble and responsibility of founding the institution, it was preferable to leave its management to Mr Cooper and his coadjutor, Mr J. H. Powell, rather than to elect a Committee of Subscribers. But whilst he thought the work of Mr Cooper and Mr Powell deserving of every encouragement and support, and pledged himself to do all he could to obtain subscribers to the Lyceum, he reminded them that everything depended for its ultimate success upon the solid character of their proceedings, the avoidance of all puerile and fanatical exhibitions, and a careful editorship of the *Spiritual Times*, so that that paper might be put into the hands of enquirers with confidence. Mr Coleman concluded his observations by giving his own name and the names of several of his friends as subscribers of one guinea each per annum.

Mr Cooper, in a brief speech, related a few of his past experiences, and said that he felt it to be his duty to aid the spiritual cause all he could—hence he had started the *Spiritual Times*, and had taken for a term of three years the house in which they were assembled to form a central place of meeting to Spiritualists. He had desired the present meeting in order that he might learn the opinions of others, and receive any reasonable advice they might afford. The total expenditure of carrying on the *Spiritual Times* and the Lyceum would not be less than £500 a year. Mr Cooper then read the following:—

"I propose to have a printing establishment on the premises, so as to print the *Spiritual Times*, and also to reprint suitable articles from the same type in the pamphlet form. This would enable the

pamphlet to be produced at the cost of labour and paper. I consider that the distribution of tracts should form an important feature of the establishment; these should be supplied to the public at a mere nominal price.

I propose to make the front room below a place for friends to resort to,—to furnish it as a reading room and to provide an assortment of spiritual literature, and other literature as well, if thought desirable. I propose that a small annual fee be paid for the use of this room; not altogether in the light of a *quid pro quo*, but I think the payment of a subscription might relieve persons from any feeling of intrusion, and afford a satisfactory means of enabling friends to assist in supporting the establishment.

I propose also to have Sunday evening lectures in this room on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. I am of opinion that it would be desirable to develop mediumship; and it is worthy of consideration whether a weekly séance should be held for the purpose of eliciting phenomena, which would afford facts for the *Spiritual Times*. A depot of spiritual literature has also occurred to me. This would supply a want in respect of literature, and might be a means of adding to the finances of the establishment."

Mr Spear next spoke, offering a few suggestions which seemed to him worthy of consideration. Mr J. H. Powell, the editor of the *Spiritual Times*, testified to the fact that Mr Cooper had expended a large sum of money already in the carrying on of the *Spiritual Times*; stating that the originating of the paper was Mr Cooper's idea, and that he had nobly held on his purpose, despite of all difficulties. He (Mr Powell) had often been grieved to see Mr Cooper saddled with heavy printing bills, and no one but himself to bear them. It was, however, a gratifying fact that a gentleman had come forward with a yearly donation of £30, and it was to be hoped others would follow his example. Speeches were delivered by Mr Fergusson, Mr Owen, and Mr Harris.

The following resolution was carried unanimously:—

"That this meeting fully appreciates and sympathises with Mr Cooper's object as a whole, and pledges itself to aid and encourage him to the extent of its powers."

A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, who at this stage of the proceedings retired, and the meeting was continued with Mr Spear in the chair, and a very interesting conversation followed. We trust friends will rally round us, as the advantages of a central place of meeting, the distribution of spiritual literature, and the development of mediumship, must be apparent. Subscriptions of one guinea yearly, will constitute membership.

DR PERFITT ON SPIRITUALISM.

Dr P. W. Perfitt has just delivered a course of lectures on the "Nervous System, Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Table-turning, and Spiritualism," at the Cambridge Hall, Newman-street.

In the course of his remarks in the closing lecture, on Spiritualism, Dr Perfitt upheld the theory of Faraday,—denounced the Davenport exhibition, and ridiculed the puerility of the so-called spirit-messages.

Before retiring from the platform Mr Powell obtained permission from the lecturer to address the audience. Mr Powell complained of the unfair manner in which Dr Perfitt had quoted a short passage from his book on Spiritualism, which book, the Dr confessed, he had not read. Mr Powell explained that having at an early period of his life devoted himself to public lecturing, he had committed himself against Spiritualism, and when converted to a full belief in its reality, he felt bound to publish everything that had led to the change in his opinions. A solitary passage in his book, selected, as Dr Perfitt had done, for the purpose of sustaining his own views, was an unfair and unjust mode of proceeding, of which he, Mr Powell, had a right to complain.

Dr Wilson, addressing Dr Perfitt, said that he had attended the whole course of his lectures, and had listened with great pleasure and profit to his eloquent and clear exposition of the subjects upon which he had treated until this evening, when Dr Perfitt had greatly disappointed him, as it was evident that he did not understand the subject which he had so unjustly assailed.

Dr Perfitt replied to both gentlemen in terms which called forth the plaudits of a majority of the audience. Mr Coleman then asked the Doctor, "Are we to understand that the theory of Professor Faraday, as to tables being moved by the involuntary muscular action of the hands of those who sit around them, is, in your opinion, true? and that when tables are seen to move without personal contact, and the varied phenomena witnessed by so many persons, and recorded in the hundred books which you say you have read upon this subject are all delusions, and have no existence in reality?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "I do believe Faraday is right, and I do believe that the appearances spoken of by these witnesses are subjective, and have no reality,—they are delusions."

Mr Coleman replied—"Having told us, sir, that you have read almost

every book that has been published on Spiritualism, more than 100 vols., and having attended 50 seances, I charge you with gross perversion in dealing with the subject, and a prostitution of the fine talents which you evidently possess."

"I should be sorry," Dr Perfitt replied, "to charge you, sir, with gross dishonesty, which is what you charge me with when you say I am prostituting my talents. I can tell this audience that had I desired to prostitute my talents by lecturing in favour of Spiritualism I could have obtained large sums of money from parties in London."

Mr Coleman said—"I have no desire to charge you, sir, with dishonesty, but you have misled this audience by ignorance, which I do attribute to you, or by design, and as to your statement that any Spiritualist has offered to purchase your services, I utterly disbelieve it, and I challenge you to name one man of respectability in London who has even offered you £1 to lecture in favour of Spiritualism."

No reply was made by Dr Perfitt, and strange to say no opposition was manifested by the audience to Mr Coleman's remarks. The feeling on the part of several present was that the meeting had been completely turned by this unexpected episode and that Dr Perfitt is not likely to venture again upon making such a "puerile" exhibition before a London audience.

THE ELECTRIC GIRL OF LA PERRIERE.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

(Continued from our last.)

Some accounts represent Arago as expressing himself much more decidedly. He may have done so, in addressing the Academy; but I find no official record of his remarks.

He did not assist at the sittings of the committee that had been appointed at his suggestion; but he signed their report, having confidence, as he declared, in their judgment, and sharing their mistrust.

That report, made on the ninth of March, is to the effect that they witnessed no repulsive agency on a table or similar object; that they saw no effect produced by the girl's arm on a magnetic needle; that the girl did not possess the power to distinguish between the two poles of a magnet; and, finally, that the only result they obtained was sudden and violent movements of chairs on which the child was seated. They add, "Serious suspicions having risen as to the manner in which these movements were produced, the committee decided to submit them to a strict examination, declaring, in plain terms, that they would endeavour to discover what part certain adroit and concealed manœuvres of the hands and feet had in their production. From that moment we were informed that the young girl had lost her attractive and repulsive powers, and that we should be notified when they reappeared. Many days have elapsed; no notice has been sent to us; yet we learn that Mademoiselle Cottin daily exhibits her experiments in private circles." And they conclude by recommending "that the communications addressed to them in her case be considered as not received." In a word, they officially branded the poor girl as an impostor.

That, without any inquiry into the antecedents of the patient, without the slightest attempt to obtain from those medical men who had followed up the case from its commencement what they had observed, and that, in advance of the strict examination which it was their duty to make, they should insult the unfortunate girl by declaring that they intended to find out the tricks with which she had been attempting to deceive them—all this is not the less lamentable because it is common among those who sit in the high places of science.

If these Academicians had been moved by a simple love of truth, not urged by a self-complacent eagerness to display their own sagacity, they might have found a more probable explanation of the cessation, after their first session, of some of Angelique's chief powers.

Such an explanation is furnished to us by Dr Tanchon, who was present by invitation, at the sittings of the committee.

He informs us, that, at their first sitting, held at the Jardin des Plantes, on the seventeenth of February, after the committee had witnessed, twice repeated, the violent displacement of a chair held with all his strength by one of their number, (M. Rayet,) instead of following up similar experiments and patiently waiting to observe the phenomena as they presented themselves, they proceeded at once to satisfy their own preconceptions. They brought Angelique into contact with a voltaic battery. Then they placed on the child's bare arm a dead frog, anatomically prepared after the manner of Matteucci, that is, the skin removed, and the animal dissected so as to expose the lumbar nerves. By a galvanic current, they caused this frog to move, apparently to revive, on the girl's arm. The effect on her may be imagined. The ignorant child, terrified out of her senses, spoke of nothing else the rest of the day, dreamed of dead frogs coming to life all night, and began to talk eagerly about it again the first thing the next morning. From that time her attractive and repulsive powers gradually declined.

In addition to the privilege of much accumulated learning, in addition to the advantages of varied scientific research, we must have something else, if we would advance yet farther in true

knowledge. We must be imbued with a simple, faithful spirit, not presuming, not preoccupied. We must be willing to sit down at the feet of truth, humble, patient, docile, single-hearted. We must not be wise in our own conceit: else the fool's chance is better than ours, to avoid error, and distinguish truth.

M. Cohu, a medical man of Mortagne, writing, in March, 1846, in reply to some inquiries of Dr Tanchou, after stating that the phenomenon of the chair, repeatedly observed by himself, had been witnessed also by more than a thousand persons, adds, "It matters not what name we may give to this; the important point is, to verify the reality of a repulsive agency, and of one that is distinctly marked; the effects it is impossible to deny. We may assign to this agency what seat we please, in the cerebellum, in the pelvis, or elsewhere; the fact is material, visible, incontestable. Here in the Province, Sir, we are not very learned, but we are often very mistrustful. In the present case we have examined, re-examined, taken every possible precaution against deception; and the more we have seen, the deeper has been our conviction of the reality of the phenomenon. Let the Academy decide as it will. We have seen; it has not seen. We are, therefore, in a condition to decide better than it can, I do not say what cause was operating but what effects presented themselves, under circumstances that remove even the shadow of a doubt."

M. Hebert, too, states a truth of great practical value, when he remarks, that in the examination of phenomena of so fugitive and seemingly capricious a character, involving the element of vitality, and the production of which at any given moment depends not upon us, we "ought to accommodate ourselves to the nature of the fact, not insist that it should accommodate itself to us."

For myself, I do not pretend to offer any positive opinion as to what was ultimately the real state of the case. I do not assume to determine whether the attractive and repulsive phenomena, after continuing for upwards of a month, happened to be about to cease at the very time the committee began to observe them—or whether the harsh suspicions and terror-inspiring tests of these gentlemen so wrought on the nervous system of an easily daunted and superstitious girl, that some of her abnormal powers, already on the wane, presently disappeared—or whether the poor child, it may be at the instigation of her parents, left without the means of support, really did at last simulate phenomena that once were real, manufacture a counterfeit of what was originally genuine. I do not take upon myself to decide between these various hypotheses. I but express my conviction, that, for the first few weeks at least, the phenomena actually occurred—and that, had not the gentlemen of the Academy been very unfortunate or very injudicious, they could not have failed to perceive their reality. And I seek in vain some apology for the conduct of these learned Academicians, called upon to deal with a case so fraught with interest to science, when I find them, merely because they do not at once succeed in personally verifying sufficient to convince them of the existence of certain novel phenomena, not only neglecting to seek evidence elsewhere, but even rejecting that which a candid observer had placed within their reach.

This appears to have been the judgment of the medical public of Paris. The "Gazette des Hôpitaux," in its issue of March 17, 1846, protests against the committee's mode of ignoring the matter, declaring that it satisfied nobody. "Not received!" said the editor (alluding to the words of the report); "that would be very convenient, if it were only possible."

And the "Gazette Medicale" very justly remarks, "The non-appearance of the phenomena at such or such a given moment proves nothing in itself. It is but a negative fact, and, as such, cannot disprove the positive fact of their appearance at another moment, if that be otherwise satisfactorily attested." And the "Gazette" goes on to argue, from the nature of the facts, that it is in the highest degree improbable that they should have been the result of premeditated imposture.

The course adopted by the Academy's committee is the less defensible, because, though the attractive and repulsive phenomena ceased after their first session, other phenomena, sufficiently remarkable, still continued. As late as the tenth of March, the day after the committee made their report, Angelique being then at Dr Tanchou's house, a table touched by her apron, while her hands were behind her and her feet fifteen inches distant from it, was raised entirely from the ground, though no part of her body touched it. This was witnessed, besides Dr Tanchou, by Dr Charpentier-Mericourt, who had stationed himself so as to observe it from the side. He distinctly saw the table rise, with all four legs, from the floor, and he noticed that the two legs of the table farthest from the girl rose first. He declares, that, during the whole time, he perceived not the slightest movement either of her hands or her feet; and he regarded deception under the circumstances, to be utterly impossible.

On the 12th of March, in the presence of five physicians, Drs. Amedee Latour, Lachaise, Deleau, Pichard and Soule, the same phenomenon occurred twice.

And yet again on the fourteenth, four physicians being present, the table was raised a single time, but with startling force. It was of mahogany, with two drawers, and was four feet long by two feet and a half wide. We may have supposed it to weigh some fifty or sixty pounds; so that the girl's power in this particular, appears to have much decreased since that day, about the end

of January, when M. de Faremont saw repeatedly raised from the ground a block of one hundred and fifty pounds' weight, with three men seated on it—in all, not less than five to six hundred pounds.

By the end of March the whole of the phenomena had almost totally ceased; and it does not appear that they have ever shown themselves since that time.

Dr Tanchou considered them electrical. M. de Faremont seems to have doubted they were strictly so. In a letter, dated Montimer, November 1, 1846, and addressed to the Marquis de Mirville, that gentleman says—"The electrical effects I have seen produced in this case varied so much—since under certain circumstances good conductors operated, and then again, in others, no effect was observable—that, if one follows the ordinary laws of electrical phenomena, one finds evidence both for and against. I am well convinced, that, in the case of this child, there is some power other than electricity."

But as my object is to state facts, rather than to moot theories, I leave this debatable ground to others, and here close a narrative compiled with much care, of this interesting and instructive case. I was the rather disposed to examine it critically and report it in detail, because it seems to suggest valuable hints, if it does not afford some clue, as to the character of subsequent manifestations in the United States and elsewhere.

This case is not an isolated one. My limits, however, prevent me from here reproducing, as I might, sundry other recent narratives more or less analogous to that of the girl Cottin. To one only shall I briefly advert; a case related in the Paris newspaper, the "Siecle," of March 4, 1846, published when all Paris was talking of Arago's statement in regard to the electric girl.

It is there given on the authority of a principal professor in one of the Royal Colleges of Paris. The case very similar to that of Angelique Cottin, occurred in the month of December previous, in the person of a young girl, not quite 14 years old, apprenticed to a colorist, in the Rue Descartes. The occurrences were quite as marked as those in the Cottin case. The professor, seated one day near the girl, was raised from the floor, along with the chair on which he sat. There were occasional knockings. The phenomena commenced December 2, 1845, and lasted twelve days.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

That the popular belief in ghosts is not extinct, even in a large town like Sheffield, is proved by a tragic circumstance of recent occurrence. It was currently reported in Campo-lane, at the latter end of last week, that a ghost, "all in white," had made its appearance in the house of John Favell, who lives in Campo-lane, a little beyond the parish church. The story was genuine thus far, that a young woman, named Harriet Ward, who lodged at Favell's house, affirmed in the most solemn manner that she had seen an apparition in the cellar-kitchen. This assertion was made with such an air of credibility that the other inmates in the house—Favell, his wife, and the wife's sister—could not altogether disbelieve it, though they had no visual evidence as to its truth. Favell had heard strange sounds, however, which he thought might have had their origin in supernatural agency. On Saturday evening they felt so much concerned on account of the ghostly presence that, for the sake of greater security, a friend of the family, a man named Robert Rollinson, who lodged in court No. 24, South-street, Park, was requested to spend the night at Favell's house. Being neither superstitious nor timid, Rollinson acquiesced. He and the other persons went to bed in due time, and Rollinson reported on the Sunday morning that he had seen nothing extraordinary, but towards morning had heard a strange noise that he could not account for. He returned home to breakfast, having first received an invitation for himself and wife to dine with the Favells. His wife and the family with whom they lodged were very inquisitive about the ghost, but Rollinson assured them that he had seen nothing of it. His wife at once accepted the invitation to dinner, and seemed to regard the apparition-story as a pleasant jest. She little knew that within a few hours it would prove her death. She and her husband kept their appointment at Favell's, and remained to spend the rest of the day there. It may be here stated, as a circumstance which may throw some light on this strange affair, that all the parties concerned—except, perhaps, the ghost, of whose creed nothing is known—were members of the community called Latter-day Saints, whose congregational meetings are held at the Hall of Science, Rockingham-street. To this place Favell and his family and friends repaired on Sunday afternoon, leaving in their house Mrs Favell's sister, Mrs Rollinson and Mrs Johnson (the person at whose house in South-street the Rollinsons lodged). On return of the party who had gone to the Hall of Science, they were accompanied by several acquaintances, who had heard of the apparition and perhaps felt curious to know more about it. Harriet Ward was eloquent on the subject of the vision, and several of the visitors went into the cellar-kitchen to see the ghostly residence and the precise spot where it had been seen. A number of persons had assembled in front of the house, understanding that the ghost "was on view," anxious to have a peep for nothing; but Mrs Favell, feeling annoyed at see-

ing so many individuals prying at the kitchen window, requested her sister to fasten a temporary blind against it with two forks. The sister, however, had not courage to perform the task, although several individuals had already gone down into the kitchen, preceded by Harriet Ward with a lighted candle. It was at this moment that Mrs Rollinson's disbelief in ghostly manifestations exhibited itself in full force, "Pooh, pooh!" she exclaimed rather impatiently, "Give me the forks, child!" and immediately she descended into the kitchen to hang up the blind. She had not been there many moments when, looking in the direction of the stairs down which she had descended, she became suddenly terror-stricken, and, seizing the arm of Mrs Johnson, with a convulsive grasp, exclaimed in broken accents, "Oh, Mrs Johnson, I saw something on the steps! Take me away!" This unexpected incident imparted a reality to the occasion which few present had expected. Mrs Rollinson, in an agony of terror, was conveyed up the steps, and immediately afterwards fainted. After awhile her consciousness returned, but for a brief interval, and she assured her friends, in the most earnest and solemn manner, that she had seen on the stairs a female form, dressed in white apparel, and that it approached and rushed past her. The fact of no one else having seen it made no difference to her. She believed the evidence of her eyesight in that instance as she had been accustomed to do on ordinary occasions, and probably nothing could have shaken her conviction that she had seen a spectre. Again she relapsed into a state of unconsciousness in which condition she was removed in a cab to her lodgings, and died there about noon on Monday. Her death had certainly been caused by the fright that she received on the previous day, up to which time she was in perfect health and spirits; and her friends concur in stating that she was by no means of a timid disposition. A coroner's inquest was held on Tuesday, in consequence of the poor woman's sudden death. The hard-headed matter-of-fact jury could make nothing of the ghost story, so they returned a verdict of "Sudden but natural death." We are unable to add that this verdict has had the effect of exterminating the superstitious feelings that the tragic incident of Sunday last, and the rumours which preceded it, have awakened.—*Times, March 5, 1855—copied from the Sheffield Times.*

HOURS WITH THE SPIRITS.

The following experiences are recorded by the Rev. F. B. Barrett, of Brooklyn, New York, one of the best known Swedenborgian ministers in America. After some prefatory remarks he says:—

Being, then, quite ignorant of the whole matter when I went to Buffalo—so far, at least, as relates to knowledge derived from personal observation, and having a desire to witness some of the more striking "manifestations," I accompanied my excellent friend Dr Scott, whose generous hospitality I had the happiness to enjoy while in the city, to "Davenport's Spirit Hall," as the room is called, where the spirits give their daily and nightly entertainments. We went at ten o'clock, A. M. When we arrived, there were eight or ten other persons in the hall, all strangers to me, and most of them apparently strangers to each other. They had come on the same errand as myself—to see whether the spirits could do the strange things reported of them. The hall was a plain room in the fourth storey of a building on Main-street, I think about 27 by 35 feet in size. The only furniture in it was a common stove, two very plain tables, a few chairs, and plain wooden benches for seats, against the walls. At one end of the hall were two windows opening into the street, and at the other end a door opening into a hall through which we entered. There was no other door in the room, no closet, no trap door, no hiding-place of any sort. I examined every part of the room with great minuteness; and nothing was easier than to see, that whatever might be done in that room, must be done without any natural machinery.

Soon after our arrival, all persons present, consisting of some ten or twelve, were requested to be seated around the large table. When seated, the door was shut, and the inner blinds to the windows also nearly closed, yet admitting light enough to enable to see and recognize any person at the table, or in the hall. On the floor, beneath the table, were placed a small table-bell, a guitar, a large tin trumpet, an accordion, and a violin. Any one could look under the table, as I did repeatedly, and see, as we all sat around it, that there was nothing else there but the above-named instruments, and men's feet with boots on. The mediums were two boys, one about twelve, and the other about fourteen years of age. As soon as we were all seated around the table, every man having both his hands on the table—a circumstance which I was particular to notice—there commenced a rattling of the instruments under the table. Immediately I heard the guitar as if played by the fingers of some one, though the hands of every one in the room could then be seen resting upon the table. When this had continued for a few minutes, then the accordion was played with equal decision and distinctness. Then the table-bell was rung, just as well as any person could have rung it with his hand, showing that it must have been lifted by its handle clear from the floor. Then the guitar, accordion, and violin, were successively thrust up from beneath the table, between different

individuals, and finally thrown upon the table, yet in a manner showing that it was accomplished not without some difficulty. And while all this was going on, I was careful to observe that both the hands of every person in the room remained unmoved upon the table, as at the first. If any one looked under the table while the spirit was performing, the performances would stop at once, as if the spirit was afraid to have one see how he rung the bell, or played the guitar.

These performances being ended, the visitors were requested to take seats on the benches against the walls of the room. The instruments above named were then placed upon the table in the centre of the room, and the window-shutters closed so tight as to exclude every ray of light, and then commenced some new and more astounding manifestations. The guitar was taken from the table, and carried around the room some fifty or a hundred times, with most astonishing velocity, apparently some two or three feet above everybody's head, and very near to the walls, yet without ever touching the walls or the stove-pipe. All this time the instrument was played upon, thus clearly indicating to the sense of hearing the rapidity of its movement. Sometimes its motion would seem to be more rapid than that of any bird—so rapid, indeed, as to produce a humming noise by its movement through the air, and to cause a sensible agitation of the atmosphere, when it came apparently within two or three feet of my face. And notwithstanding this astonishing rapidity of motion, and the utter darkness of the room, I observed that the instrument never struck the wall or stove-pipe, nor any person in the room, unless requested to do so; but repeatedly, at my request, it would descend in its flight and touch me on my arm or shoulder, apparently checking for that purpose its rapid movement. At the close of this performance, I heard the guitar laid quite heavily upon the table, as if it had been let fall six or eight inches. Then commenced a performance which seemed still more marvellous. The spirit took the trumpet from the table in the centre of the room and began talking through it in a perfectly distinct and audible voice. (I say the spirit did this, because I can imagine no other possible way of accounting for it.) From the tenor of his conversation, one would infer that he was a low, clownish spirit, but jocosely, frolicsome, and often witty. The voice was peculiar, and husky, something as if the speaker spoke with some difficulty. Several persons afterwards spoke through the same trumpet, but no one could imitate the peculiar voice of the spirit.

(To be Continued.)

LORD TYRONE AND MISS HAMILTON.

(Concluded from our last.)

"In the morning Sir Tristram arose and dressed as usual without observing the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke he had gone down stairs. I arose, and having dressed, went into the gallery adjoining the apartments and from thence brought a broom, such as is used in large houses for sweeping the cornices; with this after much difficulty, I took down the curtains, as I naturally imagined the extraordinary position would create wonder and inquiries among the servants, which I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took a piece of black ribbon and wound it round my wrist and went down to breakfast. The agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible to pass unnoticed by Sir Tristram. He immediately saw my confusion, and inquired the cause. I assured him I was perfectly well, and that Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died the preceding day at 4 o'clock, and at the same time requested he would drop all inquiries about the black ribbon he had noticed around my wrist, nor did he ever after ask the cause. You, my dearest son, I afterwards brought into the world, as had been foretold, and in little more than four years after your birth your ever-lamented father died in my arms. After this sad event I determined as the only probable means to avoid the sequel of the extraordinary prediction, to avoid all general society and to relinquish every pleasure resulting from it. I then formed an intimacy with only one family, who was the clergyman of the parish, his name was Gorges. Little did I imagine that their son, then a mere youth, was destined by fate to prove a source of misfortune to me. Within a few years I was led to regard him, though I endeavoured by every possible means of exertion to conquer a partiality, the fatal effects of which I too plainly foresaw, while I yielded to its influences. Alas! I vainly imagined that I had overcome the unfortunate predilection I entertained for young Gorges, when the evening of one fatal day plunged me into the abyss I had long been meditating how to shun.

Mr Gorges had frequently begged his friends to allow him to enter the army, and at length he obtained their permission, and was ordered to join his regiment. The evening previous to his departure he came to bid me farewell; the moment he entered my room he fell on his knees at my feet, and told me that he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause. At that moment all my resolution forsook me; I considered my fate to be inevitable, and without further hesitation I consented to a union, the sad result of which I knew would be misery, and its termination certain death. The conduct of my husband after a few years had passed, had too fully authorised my demands for a separation, and I hoped by these means to avoid the fatal sequel to the extraordinary intimation my departed friend had given me; but at length the unceasing entreaties and

professions of Mr Gorges prevailed on me to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until I had supposed I had passed my 47th year. But alas! I have been this day informed from undoubted authority, that I have been hitherto mistaken as to my age, and that I am this day only 47 years old. Of the near approach of death I entertain not the slightest doubt, but I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sound principles of Christian faith, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay, and without a tear I can bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever. When seen no more the necessity for concealment ends, and I would wish my daughter, Lady Riverstown, to unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribband, and let my son with yourself behold it."

Lady Beresford here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to conduct himself so as to merit the high honour of being the husband of Lord Tyrone's daughter. She then expressed a wish to lie down on her bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady Riverstown and Sir Marcus Beresford then left the room, having called her attendants and desired them attentively to watch their lady and if they observed any alteration in her to call them immediately. About an hour had passed and all remained silent in the room—they listened at the door but everything was quiet. In about another hour the bell was violently rung. Sir Marcus and Lady Riverstown hastened to the apartment, on entering which the servant exclaimed—"She is dead, my lady is dead."

Sir Marcus and Lady Riverstown then desired the attendants to withdraw. They knelt down by the bedside, lifted up the hand covered with the black ribbon, on removing which they discovered as before described by Lady Beresford—"Every nerve withered—every sinew shrunk up."

Never having seen the narrative of the Tyrone ghost so fully given, I have copied it for your use, and trust you will insert it in the SPIRITUAL TIMES, and am, sir, yours faithfully,

AMICUS ET AMATOR VERITATIS.

Mullingar, Dec. 7, 1862.

PRESAGES OF CÆSAR'S DEATH.

We are told there were many strong presages and signs of the death of Cæsar. Many report that a certain soothsayer forewarned him of a great danger which threatened him on the Ides of March, and that when the day was come, as he was going to the senate house, he called to the soothsayer and said, laughing, "The Ides of March are come;" to which he answered softly, "Yes, but they are not gone."

The evening before he supped with Marcus Lepidus, and signed, according to custom, a number of letters as he sat at table. While he was so employed, there arose a question, "What kind of death was the best?" and Cæsar answering before them all, cried out "A sudden one."

The same night, as he was in bed with his wife, the doors and windows of the room flew open at once. Disturbed both with the noise and light, he observed by moonshine, Calpurnia in a deep sleep, uttering broken words and inarticulate groans. She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him murdered in her arms. Be that as it may, next morning she conjured Cæsar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the senate: and if he paid no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other species of divination or to sacrifices, for information as to his fate. This gave him some suspicion and alarm, for he had never known before in Calpurnia any thing of the weakness or superstition of her sex, though she was now so much affected.

He therefore offered a number of sacrifices, and as the diviners found no auspicious token in them, he sent Antony to dismiss the senate. In the meantime Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, came in. He was a person in whom Cæsar placed such confidence that he had appointed him his second heir, yet he was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius. This man, fearing that if Cæsar adjourned the senate to another day the affair might be discovered laughed at the diviners, and told Cæsar he would be highly to blame if by such a slight he gave the senate occasion to complain against him.

"For they were met," he said, "at his summons, and came prepared with one voice to honour him with the title of king in the provinces and to grant that he should wear the diadem both by land and by sea everywhere out of Italy. But if any one go and tell them, now they have taken their places, they must go home again and return when Calpurnia has better dreams, what room will your enemies have to launch out against you? Or who will hear your friends when they attempt to show that this is not an open servitude on the one hand, and tyranny on the other? If you are absolutely persuaded that this is an unlucky day, it is certainly better to go yourself and tell them you have strong reasons for putting off business till another time."

So saying he took Cæsar by the hand, and led him out. He went to the senate-house, where he was assassinated by the conspirators.

OF KNOWLEDGE.—All knowledge is to be limited by religion, and to be referred to use and action.—BACON.

OF REASON.—The highest exercise of reasoning consists in discovering that there are things innumerable beyond its compass. It is very weak if it make not this discovery. It is fit we should know when to doubt, when to rest assured, when to submit. He who knows not this is unacquainted with the powers of reason.—PASCAL.

PITY.—Men get no profit by their labour because they contend for knowledge rather than a holy life. The time shall come when it shall more avail thee to have subdued one lust than to have known all mysteries.—TAYLOR.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT.

(Concluded.)

If it be possible that Binghamton has been hoodwinked, we hope other villages or cities will be keen enough to discover the trick; and when found out, let it be exposed through the Banner. The Spiritual Philosophy will work its way through the world in time, and be accepted for its beauty and truth, and no false demonstrations are wanted. Mr Randall invites candid examination. He prefers to go to the strongest sceptic's house in the town where he stops. He will travel in the East until next fall, and then he intends to go to California, and give the people bordering on the Pacific an opportunity to witness these phenomena.

Some people look upon physical manifestations lightly, saying, "If this is the sum of Spiritualism we want nothing to do with it." True Spiritualists can assure them that these outward demonstrations are no more the essence of Spiritualism, than A B C's are the substance of knowledge. These physical phenomena are merely to attract attention and awaken investigation.

When people become convinced that mediums do not make these manifestations, they are then prepared to take the first lesson in Spiritualism. After the novelty of these outward demonstrations has passed, (and earnest thinkers do not long cling to them,) a wide field of beautiful philosophy is open—a field as broad as nature, beginning and ending in Deity—a system of religion in harmony with reason, because it is the soul of science—a religion which the most scientific philosopher can appreciate best, because he sees that it harmonizes with ever y truth he has discovered. The Spiritual Religion pre-eminently invites intelligence. No true Spiritualist can long be content to remain in ignorance. TRUTH is its motto, and SCIENCE its foundation. Ye workers for its advancement, be sure your foundation is broad and firm, that the superstructure may be approved by God, and therefore be everlasting.

Yours for the truth,
S. C. CASE.

Binghamton, N. Y.—

Correspondence.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

A FEW DIFFICULTIES.

(To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

Sir,—Happening, by chance, to fall in with a No. of the SPIRITUAL TIMES the other day, and observing the fairness with which it appears to be conducted, it occurs to me that you will not refuse to insert a few lines from one who is obliged to withhold full credence to the doctrine of Spiritualism, until several objections which suggest themselves are removed—objections which he believes are shared by the vast majority of the educated people of this country.

Let me ask, then, firstly, How is it that the messages purported to be received from the spirit-world, are generally of a trifling, frivolous character—that no useful truth has yet been enunciated, no information valuable to mankind elicited, no prophecy with reference to the future uttered, which can be stated to have received fulfilment on respectable testimony—while, on the contrary, how many absurd utterances are fathered on the supposed spirits of Franklin, Shakspeare, and other departed great personages, thus throwing ridicule over scenes which one would have supposed would have necessarily have been invested, with interest and solemnity in the highest degree, and one would have thought would have been pregnant with invaluable instruction and advice to mankind in general.

Secondly, How is it that mediums, who are privileged to hold communication with the spirit-world, are unable to procure information tending to their own worldly advantage? For instance, how is it that the medium, whose circumstances are not prosperous cannot by means of such intercourse learn the site of some gold mine, or the name of an investment, which spiritual foreknowledge may foresee as a valuable one?

How is it that no medium has yet been able to ascertain and state correctly the number of a banknote, which has been previously sealed up in an envelope, although a considerable reward has been offered for the successful execution of this feat. I am free to confess on the other hand, that a belief in a doctrine which establishes the intercourse between the living and the departed, is a consoling one, and is calculated, in my opinion, to effect much good, and, like many others, I suspect I should be glad to have my doubts removed, and to be able to realise such intercourse as very many of your correspondents appear to have done, some one of whom will, I trust, reply to my letter in your columns in a candid spirit, as in stating my objections, I am far from wishing to give offence to other people's sincere convictions,

I am, Sir,
Obediently Yours,
ENQUIRER.

October 15th, London.

D. D. HOME OR D. D. HUME.

(To the Editor of the "Spiritual Times.")

SIR,—“What’s in a name?” Shakspeare asks the question, and Crabbe answers “a great deal.” I have not the volume at hand, but I know that it is something about Dwight, and amounts pretty much to this—

“Serenio O Dwight
Whatever he write,
Or any sad wight
With a name such a fright,
Never can make it look Homeric-quite!”

You give us a passage from the *Banner of Light*, which informs us that the English have somehow mistaken D. D. Hume’s name, which is not Home, but Hume, and that his publisher has made the same mistake in “Incidents of my Life.”

So is that the fact? Brother Jonathan, we know, is just now in the finest possible humour for laying all sorts of sins on his cousin John’s back, simply because he won’t back him up in acting Cain and Abel in the South. He has got now to saying that John Bull actually began the dreadful war in which the Northerners are vainly endeavouring like Pharoah to cross that great Red Sea which has been flowing athwart the disunited States for these four years; as they tell us to go South and say black and white are the same, but which, to our eyes, so far, have made the white look very black indeed.

Well, let Jonathan say what he will on that score, but on this score and a score of other things, John Bull has had no hand in them. John Bull has some time ago proclaimed by his Lord Chancellor that a man may call himself what he likes—Home, Hume, Hum, or the Old Hummins himself, but then he must stick to it. He must not imagine himself in an American rocking-chair, and keep up an eternal see-saw. Mr Home, whether at home or abroad, must settle the matter for himself, and however he may wander about himself, he must let his name be a fixture. It is quite certain that Mr Hume or Home, whilst in America, and before coming to England, wrote, printed, and called himself Hume. For some time in England he retained that style and title, and was called David Douglas Hume. All at once we find him signing himself D. D. Home, and on inquiring the cause he said himself that his family name was Home, when he was at home in his native country of Scotland, and that both Home and Hume were pronounced there exactly the same—Hume. That henceforth he should spell his name Home, and he has always done so, as some hundreds, perhaps thousands of his notes in people’s hands here, mine amongst the rest, testify. In the material supplied by himself for Mrs Howitt’s article in the *Spiritual Magazine* “In Memoriam,” the name was given at length David Dunglas Home.

But, says the *Banner of Light*, the publisher has made the same mistake. The publisher had just as much to do with it as Mumbo Jumbo, of Central Africa. Mr William Wilkinson, editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, put the “Incidents” through the press for Mr Home or Hume, and having Mr Home’s name in his own handwriting in some dozen of notes, was not likely to mis-spell it.

The editor of the *Banner of Light* says Mr Home or Hume had “paid him a visit last week.” Did he ask Mr Home or Hume before he put the burden on John Bull’s back whether the poor old paternal Ancient Briton was really guilty of this taking away a man’s good name? Certainly one never heard of John before meddling with people’s nominal orthography. When a man has here learned his vowels off in decent orthodox order and sequence I O U, he is not likely to teach him to say them backwards and make U O I of it—that belongs to another school.

Well, it is time that all this Hume-id vapour should be cleared from Mr Hume or Homo’s name, and that we should have something fixed and Homo-genous. We don’t want his true cognomen on the authority of any *Banner of Light* or banner of darkness, but on his own. He must let us know whether he is then Home at home, Home of that ilk, and Hume over the Atlantic, or

How-ITT

is to be.

SAVED FROM THE ROCKS.

(To the Editor of the "Spiritual Times.")

DEAR SIR,—I send you an unvarnished tale as I have really not time to add the varnish, but it may interest your readers as it is, or you may have it pointed and polished as you please. The beginning of the story, that is, the precise latitude and longitude of the scene of the occurrence escaped me, which I regret, but on the remainder, to which I listened attentively, you may rely. The narrator, a lady of education, is from the Southern States of America, where she has been slumbering for the last twenty years, till waked up like another Rip Van Winkle by the war that has broken out and ousted her. Living amongst a people who have scarcely got beyond their pot-hooks and hangers, it is not to be wondered at that she knows nothing about Spiritualism, and may be an unbeliever from that most potent of all causes. The lady to whom the conversation was addressed is a decided hard-headed opposer of Spiritualism, for a reason that has always had its weight with the worldly-minded, who find it a pleasanter sort of navigation to sail with the stream and thereby allow the leaves and fishes to quietly drift into their nets. Such persons will always be orthodox, (i.e., fixtures in intellect) whether the doxie in question refer to Christianity or Mahommedanism. They are wiser in their generation than the children of light, resembling those pilgrims who boil their pease before embarking on board their tiny boats. To return to what musicians call the “moliff,” namely, my reason for addressing you. I must state that since her return to Europe the lady in question has made a voyage to Lisbon, accompanied by her husband. The captain of the steamer, “a most gentlemanly man,”

began his “yarn” by observing that vessels are oftener saved from destruction by good luck than good management. I do not endorse his opinion, I hope otherwise. He then proceeded to expose his own ignorance or negligence by relating how, when on a previous voyage he was so completely out of his reckoning as to suppose himself in deep waters. He had retired to his cabin in the full persuasion that such was the case, and sat with his elbow rested on a table, and his head leaning on his hand which shaded his eyes, when he was roused from his reverie by a hand laid on his shoulder and a voice in his ear said—“Martin go on deck.” As no one on board had the privilege of addressing him thus familiarly, he was greatly surprised, neither did it tend to diminish his surprise to find on turning round that he was alone. An instantaneous conviction shot across his mind that there was something wrong, and he rushed up the cabin stairs. The first person he encountered was his chief officer, but neither he nor any of the crew pleaded guilty to the charge of having thus unceremoniously disturbed their captain. Acting on another impulse he could scarcely define, he issued an immediate command to “turn the vessel right round to the westward.” The astonished helmsman instantly obeyed, and found that the order had come not a moment too soon, the rocks rose full in view and but for the timely interposition of the friendly monitor the ship must have been dashed in pieces. “He must have been talking to himself,” said the sceptical lady at the close of the captain’s confession, as related by his passengers, “feeling perhaps no very comforting assurance in his skill.” As I was merely an incidental listener to the sofa chit chat being “locally posited in an angle,” I gave no opinion one way or the other, but I preferred the captain’s simple statement to the sceptical lady’s logic, if logic it can be called where reason there is none.

BROUGHAM ON SPIRITUALISM.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

SIR,—Lord Brougham at the social science meeting at York, repeated his remarks against Spiritualists, and he intimated that the only benefit derived from a belief in the manifestations, presuming them to be true, was the bringing of men to believe in a future state of existence. That this is one of the benefits is true, as hundreds of persons can testify, but Judge Edmonds has stated that the great aim and object of spiritual intercourse are the teaching mankind respecting their state in a future existence, and the recognition of earthly friends. The creeds of the churches do not give much information upon this point to anxious inquirers, nor has the deficiency been supplied by the Brougham school of philosophers, whose ideas upon this matter are as bare as Chatmoos. The arrival of the Davenport Brothers, with the running to and fro, and increase of knowledge caused thereby, have given the retort courteous to Lord B.’s unfounded observations. It is difficult to understand why this really eloquent and erudite man should persist in denying spiritual phenomena, unless such denial and disbelief are caused by natural mental proclivities. The predominance of the practical and substantial over the ideal and invisible, which, according to the opinion of a competent judge, disqualified him for reviewing the “Life of Dr Chauning.” His Lordship insisted upon the necessity of cultivating faith in the Gospel,—but he omitted to state that this “faith” included belief in the happening of spiritual phenomena, which are part and parcel of Christianity.

The schoolmaster has been abroad too long for the people to pay much attention to the prejudiced dicta enunciated by platform orators,—preferring experience and self-judgment. For this independence of mind, let us be grateful to Lord Brougham, who, if not a supporter of truth, has been the means of propagating it, in a secular as well as in a spiritual sense. Yours faithfully,

C. COOKE.

Nov. 4, 1864.

MESMERISING PLANTS.

Mesmerism has “taken to the wood” at last. A French experimenter has recently given a short statement of some experiments he had been trying on plants, and the vigorous growth of “green” is nearly as marvellous as when tried upon animals.

M. Seydel having planted in a box two rose-trees of the same species and similar size, and each tree three years old, and having placed them in a window with a southern aspect, he mesmerized one of them every day, and watered it with mesmerized water; the other was not mesmerized, and was watered with ordinary water. At the end of three weeks, the mesmerized rose-tree had eighteen fine roses, and greatly exceeded its neighbour in size and vigour; on the other tree only a few partly-opened buds were to be seen. The same mesmerist made a similar experiment upon two nightshades which had been planted at the same time and in the same mould, and in a similar aspect to that of the rose-trees. Seeing that one of these appeared drooping and backwards, while the other was in vigorous health he immediately began to mesmerize the sickly plant by means of mesmerized water as well as directly, while the other plant was watered with common water only.

At the end of a fortnight, M. Seydel saw with satisfaction that the formerly drooping nightshade had grown to the height of eighteen inches while the other was only ten inches high; the root of the former was found to be four inches long, while that of the latter was only two inches. Lastly, the flowers of the nightshade, which had not been mesmerized, were far from being as numerous, and having as fine a color as those of the plant which had been so treated. Another instance of the effect of mesmerism on plants, is of two geraniums, one of which was withered, and had never more than one single leaf, which was no sooner formed than it faded and fell off while the other plant was constantly green and vigorous. The withering plant was mesmerized, and after a few days it had several leaves, and moreover, it produced flowers sooner than the other, which had not been sickly.

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